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(*From the Lady's Book.*)

CURE OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

BY SEBA SMITH.

As Mr. Seth Woodsum was mowing one morning in his lower haying fields, and his eldest son, Obediah, a smart boy of thirteen, was opening the mown grass to the sun, Mr. Woodsum looked up towards his house, and beheld his little daughter Harriet, ten years of age, runing towards him with her utmost speed. As she came up, he perceived she was greatly agitated; tears were running down her cheeks, and she had scarcely breath enough to speak.

'O, father,' she faintly articulated, 'mother is dreadful sick; she's on the bed, and says she shall die before you get there.'

Mr. Woodsum was a man of sober, sound mind, and calm nerves; but he had, what sometimes happens in this cold and loveless world of ours, a tender attachment for his wife, which made the message of the little girl fall upon his heart like a dagger. He dropped his scythe, and ran with great haste to the house; Obediah, who was at the other end of the field, seeing this unusual movement of his father, dropped his fork, and ran with all his might, & the two entered the house almost at the same time.

Mr Woodsum hastened to the bedside, and took his wife's hands. 'My dear Sally,' said he, 'what is the matter?'

'What is the matter?' echoed Mrs. Woodsum, with a plaintive groan. 'I shouldn't think you would need to ask what is the matter, Mr. Woodsum. Don't you see I am dying?'

'Why, no, Sally, you don't look as if you was dying. What is the matter? How do you feel?'

'Oh, I shan't live till night,' said Mrs Woodsum, with a heavy sigh; 'I am going fast.'

Mr. Woodsum, without waiting to make further inquiries, told Obediah to run and jump on to the horse, and ride over after Doctor Fairfield, and get him to come over as quick as he can come. 'Tell him I am afraid your mother is dying. If the the doctor's horse is away off in the pasture, ask him to take our horse, and come right away over, while you go and catch his.'

Obediah, with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his mouth, flew as though he had wings added to his feet, and in three minutes time was mounted upon Old Gray, and galloping with full speed towards Doctor Fairfield's.'

'My dear,' said Mr. Woodsum, leaning his head upon the pillow, 'how do you feel? What makes you think you are dying?' And he tenderly kissed her forehead as he spoke, and pressed her hand to his bosom.

'Oh, Samuel,' for she generally called him by his Christian name when under the influence of tender emotions, 'Oh, Samuel, I feel dreadfully. I have pains darting though my head, and most all over me; and I feel dizzy, and can't hardly see; and my heart beats as though it would come through my side. I am sure I can't live till night; and what will become of my poor children?' And she sobbed heavily, and burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Woodsum was affected. He could not bring himself to believe that his wife was in such immediate danger of dissolution as she seemed to apprehend. He thought she had no appearance of a dying person; but still her earnest and positive declarations that she should not live through the day, sent a chill through his veins and a sinking to his heart, which no language has power to describe. Mr. Woodsum was as ignorant of medicine as a child; he therefore did not attempt to do any thing to relieve his wife, accept to try to soothe her feelings by kind and encouraging words, till the Doctor arrived. The half hour which elapsed, from the time Obediah started till the Doctor came, seemed to Mr. Woodsum almost an age. He repeatedly went from the bedside to the door, to look and see if the Doctor was any where near, and as often returned to hear his wife groan, and say she was sinking fast, and could not stand it many minutes longer,

At length Doctor Fairfield rode up to the door, on Mr. Woodsum's Old Gray, and with saddlebags in hand, hastened into the house. A brief examination of the patient convinced him that it was a decided case of hypochondria, and he soon spoke encouraging words to her, and told her although she was considerably unwell, he did not doubt she would be better in a little while.

'Oh, doctor, how can you say so?' said Mrs. Woodsum; 'don't you see; I am dying? I can't possibly live till night I am sinking very fast, Doctor. I shall never see the sun rise again. My heart sometimes almost stops its beating now, and my feet and hands are growing cold. But I *must* see my children once more; do let 'em come in and bid me farewell.' Here she was so overwhelmed with sobs and tears as to prevent her saying more.

The Doctor, perceiving it was in vain to try to reason with her, assured her that as long as there was life there was hope & told her he would give her some medicine that he did not doubt would help her. He accordingly administered the drugs usually approved by the faculty in such cases, and telling her that he would call and see her again in a day or two, he left the room. As he went out, Mr. Woodsum followed him, and desired to know in private his real opinion of the case. The Doctor assured him he did not consider it alarming. It was an ordinary case of hypochondra, and with suitable treatment the patient would undoubtedly soon be better.

'This is a case,' continued the Doctor, 'in which the mind needs to be administered to as much as the body. Divert her attention as much as possible to cheerful objects; let her be surrounded by agreeable company; give her a light, but generous and nutritive diet; and as soon as may be, get her to take gentle exercise in the open air, by riding on horseback, or running about the fields and gathering fruits and flowers in company with lively and cheerful companions. Follow these directions, and continue to administer the medicine I have ordered, and I think Mrs. Woodsum will soon enjoy good health again.'

Mr. Woodsum felt much relieved after hearing the doctor's opinion and prescriptions, and bade the kind physician good morning with a tolerably cheerful countenance. Most assiduously did he follow the Doctor s directions, and in a few days he had the happiness to see his beloved wife again enjoying comfortable health, and pursuing her domestic duties with cheerfulness.

But, alas! his sunshine of hope was destined soon to be obscured again by the clouds of sorrow and disappointment. It was not long before some changes in the weather, and changes in her habits of living, and neglect of proper exercise in the open air, brought on a return of Mrs. Woodsum's gloom, and despondency, in all their terrific power. Again she was sighing and weeping on the bed, and again Mr. Woodsum was hastily summond from the field, and leaving his plough in mid furrow, ran with breathless anxiety to the house, where the same scenes were again witnessed which we have already described. Not only once or twice, but repeatedly, week after week, and month after month, these alarms were given and followed by similar results. Every relaps seemed to be more severe then the last, and on each occasions Mrs. Woodsum was more positive then ever that she was on her death bed, & that there was no longer any help for her.

On one of these occasions, so strong was her impression that her dissolution was near, and so anxious did she appear to make every preparation for death, and with such solemn earnestness did she attend to certain details preparatory to leaving her family, forever, that Mr. Woodsum almost lost the hope that usually attended him through these scenes, and felt, more than ever before, that what he had so often feared, was indeed about to become a painful and awful reality. Most tenderly did Mrs. Woodsum touch upon the subject of her separation from her husband and children.

'Our poor children—what will become of them when I am gone! And you, dear Samuel, how can I bear the thought of leaving you! I could feel reconciled to dying, if it was not for the thoughts of leaving you and the children.—They will have nobody to take care of them, as a mother would, poor things; and then you will be so lonesome; it breaks my heart to think of it'

Here, her feelings overpowered her, and she was unable to proceed any farther. Mr. Woodsum was for some time too much affected to make any reply. At last, summoning all his fortitude, and as much calmness as he could he told her, if it was the will of Providence that she should be separated from them, he hoped her last hours would not be pained with anxious solicitude about the future welfare of the family. It was true, the world would be a dreary place to him when she was gone; but he should keep the children with him, and with the blessing of heaven, he thought he should be able to make them comfortable and happy.

'Well, there's one thing, dear Samuel,' said Mrs. Woodsum, 'that I feel it my duty to speak to you about.' And she pressed his hand in hers, and looked most solemnly and earnestly in his face. 'You know, my dear,' she continued, 'how sad and desolate a family of children always is, when deprived of a mother. They may have a kind father, and kind friends, but nobody can supply the place of a mother. I feel as if it would be your duty—and *I* could not die in peace if I didn't speak of it—I feel, dear Samuel, as if it would be your duty, as soon after *I* am gone as would appear decent, to marry some good and kind woman, and bring her in to the family to be a mother to our poor children, and to make your home happy. Promise me that you will do this, and I think it will relieve me of some of the distress I feel at the thought of dying.'

This remark was to Mr. Woodsum, most unexpected and most painful. It threw an anguish into his heart, such as he had never experienced till that moment. It forced upon his contemplation a thought that had never before occurred to him. The idea of being bereaved of the wife of his bosom, whom he had loved and cherished for fifteen years with the ardent attachment of a fond husband, had overwhelmed him with all the bitterness of woe; but the thought of transferring the attachment to another object, brought with it a double desolation. His associations before had all clothed his love for his wife with a feeling of immortality. She might be removed from him to another world, but he had not felt as though that would dissolve the holy bond that united them. His love would still follow her to those eternal realms of bliss, and rest upon her like a mantle for ever. But this new and and startling idea, of love for another, came on him, as comes to the wicked the idea of annihilation of the soul—an idea, compared with which, no degree of misery imaginable, is half so terrible. A cloud of intense darkness seemed for a moment to overshadow him, his heart sank within him, and his whole frame trembled with agitation. It was some minutes before he could find power to speak. And when he did, it was only to beseech his wife, in a calm and solemn tone, not to allude to so distressing a subject again, a subject which he could not speak of, nor think of, without suffering more than a thousand deaths.

The strong mental anguish of Mr. Woodsum seemed to have the effect to divert his wife's attention from her own sufferings, and by turning her emotions into a new channel, gave her system an opportunity to rally. She gradually grew better as she had done in like cases before and even before night was able to sit up, and became quite composed and cheerful.

But her malady was only suspended, not cured; and again and again it returned upon her, and again and again her friends were summoned to witness her last sickness and take their last farewell. And on these occasions, she had so often slightly and delicately hinted to Mr. Woodsum the propriety of his marrying a second wife, that even *he* could at last listen to the suggestion with a degree of indifference which he had once thought he could never feel.

At last, the sober suddening days of autumn came on. Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of his 'fall work,' which had been several times interrupted by these periodical turns of despondency in his wife. One morning he went to his field early, for he had a heavy day's work to do, and had engaged one of his neighbors to come with two yoke of oxen and a plough to help him 'break up' an old mowing field. He was exceedingly desirous not to be interrupted, for his neighbor could only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plough the whole field. He accordingly had left the children and nurse in the house, with strict charges to take good care of their mother, and see that nothing disturbed her through the day. Mr. Woodsum was driving the team and his neighbor was holding the plough and things went on to their mind till about ten o'clock, in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was 'dreadful sick' and wanted him to come in as quick as he could, for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Woodsum, without saying a word, drove his team to the end of the furrow; but he looked thoughtful and perplexed. Although he felt persuaded that her danger was imaginary, as it had always proved to be before, still, the idea of the bare possibility that the sickness *might* be unto death, pressed upon him with such power, that he laid down his goad stick, and telling his neighbor to let the cattle breathe awhile, walked deliberately towards the house. Before he had accomplished the whole distance, however, his own imagination had added such wings to his speed, that he found himself moving at a quick run. He entered the house, and found his wife as he had so often found her before, in her own estimation, almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already taken her leave of her dear children, and waited only to exchange a few parting words with her beloved husband, Mr. Woodsum approached the bedside, and took her hand tenderly, as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms of extreme sickness or approaching dissolution, different from what he had witnessed on a dozen former occasions.

'Now, my dear,' said Mrs. Woodsum, faintly, 'the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death bed, and have but a short time longer to stay with you. But I hope we shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven. These things are undoubtedly all ordered for the best; and I would go cheerfully if it was not for my anxiety about you & the children. Now, don't you think, my dear,' she continued, with increasing tenderness, 'don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some good kind woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you!'

She paused, and seemed to look earnestly in his face for an answer.

'Well, *I've* sometimes thought of late, it might be best,' said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn air.

'Then you have been thinking about it,' said Mrs. Woodsum, with a slight contraction of the muscles of the face.

'Why, yes,' said Mr. Woodsum, 'I have sometimes thought about it, since you've had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadfully to think of it, but I don't know but it might be a matter of duty.'

'Well, I do think it would,' said Mrs. Woodsum, 'if you can only get the right sort of a person. Every thing depends upon that, my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about who you get, very.'

'I certainly shall,' said Mr. Woodsum; 'don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world.'

'But have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear?' said Mrs. Woodsum, with a manifest look of uneasiness.

'Why, yes,' said Mr. Woodsum, 'there is one, that *I* have thought for some time past, *I* should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us.'

'And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?' said the wife, with an expression, a little more of earth than heaven, returning to her eye.—'Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You havn't named it to her, have you?'

'Oh, by no means,' said Mr. Woodsum; 'but my dear, we had better drop the subject; it agitates you to much.'

'But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is; I never could die in peace till you do.'

'It is a subject too painful to think about,' said Mr. Woodsum, 'and it don't appear to me it would be best to call names.'

'But, I insist upon it,' said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness and was leaning on her elbow, while searching glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face. 'Mr. Woodsum, I insist upon it!'

'Well, then,' said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh, 'if you insist upon it, my dear—*I* have thought if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us to be here no more, I thought I should marry for my second wife, Hannah Lovejoy.'

An earthly fire once more flashed from Mrs. Woodsum's eyes—she leaped from the bed like a cat; Walked across the room, and seated herself in a chair.

'What!' she exclaimed, in a trembling voice, almost choked with agitation—'what! marry that idle, sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum, that is too much for flesh and blood to bear—I can't endure that, nor I won't. Hannah Lovejoy to be the mother to my children! No, that's what she never shall. So you may go to your ploughing, Mr. Woodsum, and set you heart at rest. Susan,' she continued, turning to one of the girls, 'make up more fire under that dinner pot.'

Mr. Woodsum went to the field, and pursued his work, and when he returned at the dinner hour, he found the family dinner well prepared, and his wife ready to do the honors of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never after visited by the terrible affliction of hypochondria.

THE INDPENDENT TREASURY.

(*An Extract from Mr Benton's late Speech.*)

"What is the Independent Treasury? and why is it called independent? Certainly because it is to relieve the Federal Government from dependence on fragile banks to keep its money. It is now dependent on both; and experience proves that it is leaning on a broken reed. It is to make this great Government—the world's last hope for republican liberty, to make it independent of petty corporations, themselves the help less dependents of others. Sir, what is the banking system of the United States but the tail, the fungus, the excrescence of the British paper system, to be cut off and sacrificed every time that the mother system in England requires it to be sacrificed for her preservation! What is it but this? Look at it in all its parts—in the aggregate as well as the segregate, and see what it is—how weak in itself and how dependent on others. The banks of the South and West, built upon the sandy foundation of borrowed paper, are dependent upon those of the Northeast; those of the Northeast are dependent upon the paper fabric of England; and this frail work of laws and gossamer is itself dependent upon the generosity of Holland and *France*. The whole banking system of the United States has its centre in London! its masters are there! All the business of our country is linked in a chain whose fast end is in London. And shall the Government of the United States remain dependent upon a system whose masters are in London! shall it remain linked to a chain whose fast end is there! The enemies of the Independent Treasury say it shall, its friends say it shall not, and this is the question now to be tried. If the Bill passes, this Government becomes independent of the paper system whose masters are in London: if it fails, we remain subject to them; and, just so often as their wants require it, or their policy dictates it, this Government is to be deprived of its revenues, reduced to the use of broken bank paper, and denied shillings for the post office, or the market, while ship loads of gold and silver are despatched to our masters in England.

Mr President I have been accustomed for a long time, for years past, to our paper system orators attack and deride hard money, and stigmatize as barbarians the nations which use it. To listen to them, a hard money currency is the very badge and evidence of barbarism. Asiatics, Africans, and savage Indians, are their exemplifications of such nations; and to the level of these would they reduce all the people who prefer gold to paper. This is a fine compliment to the hard money men who framed our Constitution, and believed they had confered the greatest blessing upon us in giving us a hard money Government. It is a fine compliment to our English ancestors, who had no paper currency until the fore part of last century. It is a fine compliment to those Greeks and Romans to whom we are accustomed to look for all that is great and beautiful in the human race, and who never had a conception of paper money. It is a fine compliment to France, which now has a specie currency of five hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and no bank note less than five hundred francs. It is a fine compliment to all these people and nations. But, letting that pass, I should be glad to stop a moment with these paper orators in the little kingdom, formerly republic of Holland; and ask them what they think of the barbarism of the country which has produced such statesman as the De Witts, the Barneveldts, and some of the princes of Orange; which has produced such generals as Tromp de Rugter, Prince Maurice, and Winter! Such Admirals as Van Tromp, who sailed up the Thames with a broom at his masthead, significant of his having swept the channel and the ocean? Such physicians as Boerhave, such theologians as Gomar and Arminius, such scholars and civilians as Erasmus, Grotius Lewenhock, Heinsius, and Gronovious, such painters as Rembrandt? I would like to know what these orators think of the barbarism of the country, which has produced such men as these; and which besides, was the birthplace of the agriculture, the commerce, and the manufactures, which now enrich and adorn England, France and so many other countries? What they think of the country which gave to Europe and the world, the tellescope, the microscope the pendulum, and the thermometer? that country which before the American Revolution, was the asylum and the refuge of the persecuted in religion, in politics and in literature? that country in which Bayle composed his great work, and where Peter the Great worked at the ship-carpenter's trade! that country which was the home of printing, the resort of scholars, the seat of renowned universities, the mother and the patroness of the fine and the useful arts, and which, for a long time, was regarded as the Eye of Europe, as Athens had been called the Eye of Greece? According to the reasoning of these orators, and their test of barbarism, this Holland must have been a savage place; for she had no bank notes all this while, nothing but hard money and the commercial bill of exchange. According to them, the very badge and evidence of barbarism was upon her. Her rank, in the scale of civilization, was that of Africa, Asia, and our Indian tribes.

Sir, there is nothing more humiliating in the whole circle of political economy than the speech of a paper system orator in praise of paper money and bank credits, and in abuse of hard money and ready pay. All his notions are drawn from England—drawn from her since she became a paper money country. This modern England is the object of his study, the example of his imitation, the idolatrous subject of his worship. All his notions of finance and currency must be drawn from that source, where the banks have been in a state of suspension exactly the one half of the last fifty years; while France and Holland, whose currencies have remained unshaken amidst wars, invasions, rebellions, and changes of dynasty, and which are the SAVIORS of England from her own false system, are overlooked and despised. Yet France and Holland present the two highest models for the study of currency which the history of the world affords. At this very moment we see the Bank of England and the Bank of the United States going to France and Holland to seek relief from impending destruction; yet we study and copy the examples of these mendicant seekers after relief, while those who save and relieve them are overlooked and despised! In consequence, we have the basest currency in the world—one which makes the South and the West the slave of the Northeast, while the Northeast itself is the slave of England, while England herself is a victim to her own system, and only saved from periodical destruction by the generosity of Holland and France.

France has tried both paper and gold and six years study of her history—the study of it from 1799 to 1806—from the exclusive depreciated paper currency of the Republic to the exclusive specie currency of the Empire—will teach all nations the easy way to reform a ruined currency, and to recover the solid one, which is the only sure basis of public and private—of national and individual prosperity. When Bonaparte became First Consul, in 1799, the currency of France was far worse than that of Michigan or Mississipi at this moment. Neither the Government, nor the people, had specie; nothing but assignats and mandats, wholly incontrovertible and ruinously depreciated; yet, in six years that great man had chased away paper, and brought in above five hundred millions of gold and silver; enough to revive industry, to sustain prices, to reward labor, to defray the expenses of wars and to build a navy; enough, in a word, for the habitual currency of the forty millions of souls who constituted the population of the Empire.

Holland is another subject for the study of the American statesman. A small territory of eleven thousand square miles, lying below the level of the sea, as Hudibras rhymes it—and walled in to keep the sea out; a soil of clay, sand and loam; a disadvantageous climate; without a mine, a fossil, a stone, a mineral, or a forest tree: this little country, so small in itself, and so little favored by nature, has des the pre-eminence which it attained in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce; in military and naval warfare; in learning and in science; in the useful and in the fine arts; besides all this, this little country constituted itself the SPECIE WAREHOUSE OF EUROPE AND AMERICA! lending gold to all nations; to emperors, kings and princes, to cities, states, and corporations; to this city even which, with its six millions of chartered bank capital, was unable to pay back either principal or interest; and must have been sold upon thirty days' notice at public auction, if the United States had not assumed the debt. This is Holland; a country which has no paper banks, but which has merchants who are able to save the Bank of England, and the Bank of the United States, from breaking like glass; merchants who are able to lend gold by the million at four per cent a month for depreciated paper; who are able to purchase every dry goods store in such a State as Missouri (St Louis included) pay down for them in gold, then set fire to them and burn them up, and never know that they had lost any thing except by change of figures at the foot of the balance sheet. This is Holland, and her merchants, who never saw a bank note; and yet we have dry good merchants in Missouri, whose store a strong man could run a stick through, and hang over his shoulder, and walk off with; and who undertake to persuade people that they can do no business at all—can credit nobody, and must sue every body unless they have a branch of the United States Bank to accommodate them with paper credits.

Yes, sir; this is Holland, the specie magazine of Europe and America; the meadow and the garden of Europe; the happy home of a rich, moral, and tranquil population of 200 to the square mile, and which has made itself what it is, not by building paper credit banks, and borrowing money on the resources of posterity, but by INDUSTRY, ECONOMY, HARD MONEY, and SHORT CREDIT.

Holland is the country for our statesmen to study; but if she is too distant let them cross over to the island of Cuba, and there see a population of more than one million carrying on an extensive commerce, building a navy second only to New York in the New World, paying twenty-five dollars annually in direct